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Once More



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Chapter 1 by Alice Marie Bride

Here I am, standing looking at the same sunrise. The same sunrise that's woken me up several times now, and I know I'm destined to go through the same motions, as I have every day. Would it even be every day, or would it just be day?

The same aroma wafted up from the bottom of the stairs- a scent that was once welcome but now made my stomach churn in disgust.

"What's your problem?" my 'mother' snapped, a lit cigarette in her mouth. "You look like you're angry or something." She sneered, blowing a puff of smoke into my face.

"And you look like the brothel's number one maiden to call," I spat.

She didn't say more- I knew she wouldn't. She hadn't the first seven times.
Seven times.

Seven times I've been through this day.

I stormed back up to my room, glass of grey water in my hand, and slammed my door.
Today will be different.

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